

THE CAPE ANN SHORE



Supposed to be an approximate representation of the first house erected in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Frame brought from England and set up in Fisherman's Field, Stage Fort, in 1623. Afterwards taken down and removed to Salem where it stood until about 1850.

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THE CAPE ANN SHORE

THIRTY-EIGHTH SEASON

Gloucester, Eastern Point, Bass Rocks,
Long Beach, Briar Neck



Land's End, Rockport, Pigeon Cove, Annisquam and River Territory, Fernwood, Magnolia, Manchester and Essex County.

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By C. Anne Shore

YACHTING OF THE WEEK

NEWS FROM ALL SECTIONS OF
THE SUMMER COLONY OF
GREATER CAPE ANN

POINTS OF INTEREST

Gloucester, Cape Ann — First white man to visit its shores was Thorwald in 1004. Harbor called by Norsemen "Krossanes." Gosnold landed here in 1602 and found the place had been used as a base by Portuguese fishermen. In 1605 Champlain sailed by the Cape but did not land. The next year, September 1606, he entered the harbor which he named Le Beauport and made a map of it. Attacked by 200 Indians and sailed away the next day. In 1614 Capt. John Smith named it Cape Ann after Anne of Denmark, mother of King Charles I. First permanent settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1623.

Stage Fort Park at westerly entrance of city. Site of settlement of Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1623-24. Tablet in commemoration of that fact placed on face of large boulder. Conant, Half Moon and Stone beaches.

Rafe's Chasm and Norman's Woe. Scene of "Wreck of the Hesperus." At Magnolia, Hesperus avenue. Fissure in solid rock cliff is 60 feet deep and 12 feet wide.

Mother Ann profile in Stone discovered in 1892 by Capt. William Thompson of Salem at tip end of Eastern Point. Dog Bar breakwater extends from a half mile long, completed in 1904 and extends from this point. On Eastern Point are many of the show residences of the North Shore. "The Ram-

parts" occupies site of Fort Independence.

Ten Pound Island in outer harbor; government fish hatchery thereon. Used as sheep pasture in early days. Five Pound Island in inner harbor; both so named for amounts in colonial money originally sold for.

Thompson's mountain, or Mt. Anne, West Gloucester, highest elevation on the Cape, 255 feet above sea level. Fine view ranging from Mt. Agamenticus on Maine coast to Wachusett Mountain, Bunker Hill Monument to Boston Bay. Tract given over as reservation in memory of Lawrence Minot; thickly wooded, favorite picnic resort; reached from New Way Lane. Nearby is Haskell's pond, from which city's water is secured.

Ravenswood Park, natural forest area extending from Fresh Water Cove to West Gloucester. Reached from Fresh Water Cove or the so-called Old Salem road, Western avenue. Mason Walton's cabin, "Hermit of Bond's Hill," on this road. Well worth frequenting.

Beacon or Governor's Hill, near center of city, from Washington street. Small reservation at top from which a fine view may be obtained.

Dogtown Commons, site of deserted Revolutionary settlement. Reached from Gee avenue, Riverdale. Fine example of boulder deposits of glacial period. "Whale's Jaw," best

known of these boulders, at edge of common. Rocking stone, etc., now taken over by the city as a water shed.

Wharves skirting the water front, interesting as affording "close-up" of fish curing, etc.

Babson House, opposite Ellery House, erected by Col. John Low about 1745. Old slave pens in attic.

Main street, first known as Fore, afterwards as Front street. Principal business avenue. Laid out 1642. Middle street, paralleling Main, contains many old colonial houses and the Judith Sargent house, the grounds of which, originally extending to Main street have been restored.

On Middle street are the First Parish (Unitarian) Church, oldest in Gloucester; Independent Christian (Universalist) first Universalist society in America, church edifice erected 1805; St. John's Episcopal Church, Trinity Congregational Church and the First Baptist Church.

Sawyer Free Library and Reading Room, Middle street, adjoining Unitarian church. Interior fine specimen of colonial woodwork. Originally home of Thomas Sanders, merchant.

Old Town Hall Square, at junction of Middle and Washington streets. Beautiful American Legion Memorial building and monument on which was placed statue of Joan of Arc by Anna Vaughn Hyatt.

Fort Point, at western side of inner harbor, down Commercial street from Main, fortified in 1743. Now Italian quarter and rendezvous of fishermen of that nationality.

Drives around the Cape: Up Washington street, through Riverdale, past Annisquam, Bay View, Lanesville into Pigeon Cove, Rockport and completing the circuit to Gloucester. Almost a continuous ocean view, which was completed when the Bass Rocks-Land's End stretch was completed.

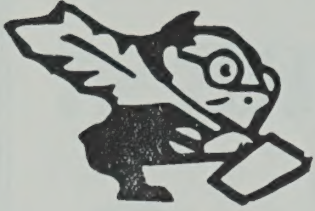
Beaches: Little Good Harbor and Long Beaches, between Bass Rocks and Land's End, Rockport. Wingaersheek Beach, West Gloucester, largest on Cape, two miles long, 600 feet deep at low tide; reached from Essex avenue, West Gloucester, down Concord street.

Quarries at Bay View and Pigeon Cove, among largest in country, near main highway.

Blynman canal, first cut in 1642 by Rev. Richard Blynman, at Western entrance of city.

Drives: "Little Heater," "Dark Hole" at West Gloucester.

Old Salem road, first highway from the town, blazed out in 1626, when part of the settlers went to Salem. Down Hesperus avenue (discontinued in 1892) to Salem. Name erroneously applied to Old Pest House road, leading through Ravenswood park from Western ave.



"ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING GROUND"

A few years ago an International Spiritualists Congress was held in Paris. A resolution was passed disapproving of mourning as egotistical. Death is life the resolution said so mourning and sadness is misplaced — Sir Conan Doyle laid a wreath on the tomb of France's unknown soldier on behalf of the British delegation inscribed "THEY LIVE ALWAYS." An American delegate placed a similar tribute for the American delegation the inscription being "THERE IS NO DEATH; THERE ARE NO DEAD."



CHARACTER AND CONFIDENCE

The Corner and Keystones of the Structure of Financial Integrity — Without Them Our House of National Prosperity is Built on Sand.

WE HAVE COME to the Day of the New Deal. Around the table is seated a delegated Brain Trust which has dealt out the cards calculated to bring forth the Happy Days. Following out the figure of speech by which this group designates itself the public hopes that when the game is completed it will have fulfilled its contract. There are two fundamentals failing which no deal can be successful. They are briefly sound banking system and a return to a government of ordered precept.

Sound banking is the very ark of the covenant of American life. Up to within the past year the American people had implicit faith in their banking system and bankers. Was not the good faith, every dollar of the resources of this great country pledged and guaranteed as to the safety of the deposits of the common people? Such was the common belief of the man in the street.

The revelations regarding handling the public funds on the part of the very highest in the banking world came as a tremendous shock to the entire country and the world. More than any other factor it was responsible for the national debacle. Hundreds of thousands of hard-working men and women saw the money they toiled for many years deposited against their old age worse than frittered away.

The first thing the administration turned its hand to was a rectification of this evil by decreeing a moratorium and then a guarded reopening of solvent institutions with adequate provision for their protection. If the effort in this particular thing is successful, then whatever may betide the other projects for prosperity—rejuvenation which it sponsors admit are experimental—the administration will have conferred a lasting and inestimable benefit on the country and have earned the goodwill of the people.

Out of some 14,000 banks in this country it is stated more than 9,000

went on the rocks. In England during all this economic stringency, more severe than that under which we have struggled, not one bank failed or suspended. Go where you would, Barclay's, Lloyds' and in some instances Coutt's banks met one on every hand in all English towns ready to honor checks and drafts without question. In Canada but four banks succumbed—a fine showing for our Canadian neighbors.

New England in comparison with the rest of the country made a very favorable showing. While some institutions went under, the greater part kept on the even tenor of their way until the national moratorium was declared. These were conducted in the old conservative manner.

What in England, in Canada, and in a measure New England has contributed to this fine showing of stability? The laws governing American financial institutions are ample. Where have they fallen down? Why have British and Canadian banks such a splendid record in these days of storm and stress? The answer is the high character and sterling honesty of the men chosen as directors. Not because there are not rogues in those countries, but they are not allowed to run the banks.

Character is the answer. No honest man no matter how loosely the laws governing his institution are drawn will take advantage of conditions to jeopardize the interests of any enterprise over which he has control, just the same as no honest man chosen to high municipal office will take advantage of a weak charter to better his financial condition at the expense of the taxpayers. Let us cite an occurrence: A few years ago outside parties quietly bought up the majority of the stock of a certain financial institution in a neighboring county, assumed control and at once undertook a campaign to deliberately loot the institution, the method being to float loans which absorbed the greater part of the bank's capital giving worthless mortgages on property in another city as collateral.

The local president and directors protested. The new majority owner stormed and bullied but to no avail. Finally when the new management declared their intention to put the deal

through anyway the local president spoke up. "Do this thing I and these directors will walk out of this institution in a body and tell the public through the press why."

This staggered the newcomer. After some reflection he decided to adopt less aggressive measures but the local men took their case to Washington and were upheld. They acted in sufficient time to save the institution and stockholders and depositors.

Here was an exhibition of character, inherent honesty which would not be brow-beaten into the betrayal of the interests of that large number who had staked their faith and funds on the probity of the personnel. And it is gratifying to record that the disturbing element was eliminated and the institution was restored to as firm foundation as ever.

Last year the cable brought news that at a meeting of the directors of an English corporation in which the family of Stanley Baldwin had been interested for generations a proposition was made that certain unfavorable aspects of the business be glossed over. But Mr. Baldwin arose and repudiated the suggestion. "Our company has always kept faith with the investing public and we will publish the situation as it is no matter what the effect."

And in passing it is justice to say that all the Gloucester financial institutions have always functioned in the same way. No man has ever lost a dollar by them. This is to their credit.

How different from the conduct of some of the nation's highest placed financiers as made public recently. How callous and cold-blooded certain individuals who within the color of the law have deliberately looted the life-long savings of hard-working people.

So we repeat that if the administration succeeds in restoring financial confidence to its former high plane it will have won enduring fame. We believe such will be the case. Not until then, however, will a solid and substantial basis for prosperity be laid. After all, the New Deal is a return to good old-fashioned honesty and to square dealing.

As to other measures for public rehabilitation there is a question as to

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HIGH NOON

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon! and yet the half-spent day
Leaves less than half remaining, for the dark,
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candle to the stick
The sputtering socket yields but little light;
Long life is sadder than an early death;
We cannot count on ravelled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric. We must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future, still more brief,
Calls on the action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams,
Not time for self-laudation or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn tomorrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lips
Be my reminder in temptation's hour
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them.

Looking back,
My faults and errors seem like stepping stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue; sorrows shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years,
Where lie forgotten pleasures.

Looking forth,
Out to the western sky still bright with noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men and with myself,
Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned, three things of precious worth,
To guide and help me down the western slope.
I have learned how to pray and toil and save;
To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;
To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus, can good come unto me;
To save, by giving whatsoe'er I have
To those who have not — this alone is gain.

Art and Dramatic



LITTLE THEATRE

One of the finest performances ever produced by the Little Theatre was given last week when an extremely talented group presented Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord."

The theme of this play, which deals with the problems of two young women contending with the selfish, neurotic love of their mother-in-law for her sons is one which calls for professional actors, yet this cast of young people have succeeded in putting it over.

The plot of "The Silver Cord" is well known: Mrs. Phelps, a middle aged woman whose life has been barren of romance, seeks to find it in her sons, David and Robert. Although she claims that to her they are still little boys, she sees them more as lovers than as children.

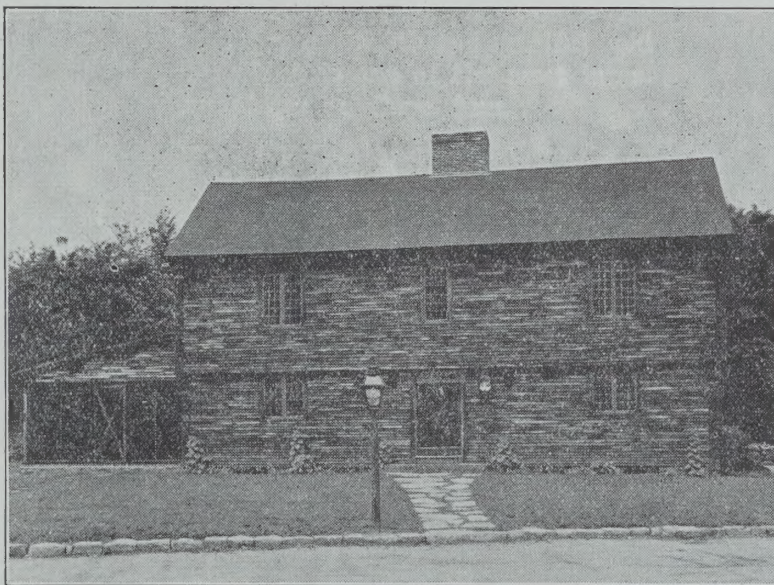
Mrs. Phelps is not a "clever" woman; she is not intellectual, nor even especially intelligent, but she is diabolically cunning. She is also entirely without knowledge of self. Her egoism is almost a mania, yet she sees herself as a great and generous woman, sacrificing every personal wish to her sons. On their part, they feel a reverence for her almost as for

(Continued on page 21)

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RESTORATION EXHIBIT
AT ROCKPORT

An exhibition of photographs at the Rockport Art Association showing the restoration of Williamsburg, Va., is being held from July 8 to July 16. The exhibition will be of particular interest to those who are enthusiastic about keeping the spirit of the old towns of Essex County. The exhibition shows the work of preservation and reproduction which has been carried out at Williamsburg.

The work is being done by a New England firm of architects, Perry, Shaw & Hepburn, and by a New England architect, Arthur Shurcliff, through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller Jr.

Reproduced at the exhibition will be the principal building of the College of William and Mary; the Capitol and Palace of the Colonial Governors and the entire length of Duke of Gloucester street.

The Society for the Preservation of Natural Features in Essex County held its annual meeting in Rockport at 2 p. m. on July 8.

The estate of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Gruening was open for parking and picnics and box lunches. The estate is at Whale

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THE PASSING OF HOWARD BLACKBURN

Gloucester's Super Mariner --- Fisherman Has Come to Anchor in the Final Haven of Refuge---His High Qualities as Man and Sailor Marked Him for International Fame --- Interred in the Fisherman's Rest at Beechbrook Cemetery, West Gloucester

(Note:—Howard Blackburn acclaimed without reserve the most intrepid fisherman of the Gloucester fisheries in more than three centuries of its pursuit and concededly without peer in his vocation as far as the records of super accomplishment go, died in November last in his 76th year. No other man among these super men, the fast disappearing type of Grand Bank halibut fishermen has stood out so prominently in the annals of the fleet. It is safe to say that many years will roll around before his like and his exploits will be approximated, probably never. For the day of the iron fisherman of his type is passing in this day of the mechanized fishing craft. In and about this town every day the admiration, respect and homage accorded him at close range never abated. Among the immortals, his fame will intensify in the perspective of the passing years. He was laid away in the plot at Beechbrook Cemetery, West Gloucester, known as the Fisherman's Rest, where many of those of his day, shipmates and acquaintances are interred — men whose high adventures have made the name and fame of Gloucester world-wide and have been the keystone factor in its prosperity. We reprint an article from THE SHORE of August 3, 1929.)

"The epic of the Gloucester Fisheries," the story of the marvelous preservation from death of Howard Blackburn, has often been told and is familiar, world-wide. Blackburn, a Nova Scotian, born at Port Medway.

January 23d, 1883, he and his dorymate Thomas Welsh, a Newfoundlander, two of the crew of the schooner Grace L. Fears, while fishing on the banks of Newfoundland in a small dory were overtaken by one of those fierce snow storms characteristic of that latitude in midwinter.

For five days and nights Blackburn,

the superman, in the height of the fierce gale, the thermometer below zero, the spray freezing as it struck the frail craft, battled for his life. Up to the third day Welsh, his dorymate, strove just as hard but was obliged to succumb notwithstanding the entreaties of Blackburn to keep up courage. With a muttered prayer that went down the wind like a requiem Welsh sank to speak no more.



Oil Portrait of Howard Blackburn Presented the Master Mariners' Association — Painted by Margaret Fitzhugh Browne

For two more tempestuous days and nights Blackburn battled against the tremendous odds, his frail craft, first on the crest of the wave and again in the trough of the sea covered by an icy coat of mail which bade fair to engulf him.

Still life is dear and Blackburn strove

desperately for it. Deliberately allowing his bare hands to freeze to the oars that they might not slip from weariness, his feet frozen in solid ice on the bottom of the dory he

"forced his heart and mind and sinew To serve their turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you Except the will which says: 'Hold On.'"

—yes, Kipling may have had Howard Blackburn in mind when he wrote that.

And so he rowed, the frozen flesh crumbling from his hands until he dimly sighted land. Then he redoubled effort. At nightfall he reached a little cove, tied to a wharf, tried to get the dead body of his dorymate to the landing, but failed, went to a lone fisherman's hut where a light shone through a window and received kindly primitive aid, stayed there until a passing ship took him back to the settlements. Meanwhile Welsh's body, buried in the snow, was interred in the spring when the ground thawed. Nothing to eat or drink in those five tremendous days.

Such is the tale in tabloid. Coming ashore, setting up a little shop the life proved irksome. Four years later, in 1887, he organized an expedition to the Klondike in the schooner Hattie I. Phillips, sailing round the Horn with a crew of fishermen — Argonauts.

Returning he two years later sailed alone across the ocean in a little 30-foot sloop, the Great Western. The next year he again crossed alone to Lisbon. Then in a small boat he voyaged to New York through the Great Lakes, down the Mississippi, through the Gulf, around Florida, where he was cast



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★	25c SPEARMINT LEAF JELLIES, Lb.	8 1-2c
★	75c Headshape BATHING CAPS ..	19c
★	50c Phillips' MILK of MAGNESIA	28c
★	30c BROMO SELTZER	19c
★	40c FLETCHER'S CASTORIA	21c
★	25c FEENAMINT	14c
★	\$1. OVALTINE	63c
★	Pure RUBBING ALCOHOL, Pt. 12	1-2c
★	5-Lb. USP EPSOM SALTS	24c
★	50c SUN-TAN OIL	29c
★	PSYLLIUM SEED, Blond, Lb.	19c
★	HEAVY MINERAL OIL, Qt.	69c
★	ELECTRIC VIBRATORS	\$1.29

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ashore at Biscayne Bay. There he sold her, essaying the rest of the voyage home in a 12-foot skiff which he rowed by straps to hold his hands to the rowlocks. In 1903 he again attempted to cross the Atlantic in a 17-foot dory but met a hurricane and was forced to land 165 miles west of Sable Island.

Now he has built another 30-foot sloop, the Cruising Club, which he in-

tends to sail the Mediterranean next summer. Recently the Cruising Club of America while on a stop here, presented the Master Mariners' Association with an oil portrait of Howard Blackburn painted by Margaret Fitzhugh Browne.

Today, at 72, Howard Blackburn, six feet two, straight as an arrow, spare and lithe, looks at the world through

the eyes of a youth of twenty, the sea-call still strong in his blood.

Gloucester, the home of the super-mariners, may never see his like again with these days of the beam trawl and draggers. For with the passing of the deep-sea dory fisherman has come the twilight of these gods of the Grand Bankers of the 80's and 90's.



MAGNOLIA AND THE COUNTYSIDE

WE HAVE ARRIVED at mid-July and thus far the summer has been quiet as far as social and athletic matters are concerned but these activities will get underway a little later. As elsewhere, cottage owners generally are in residence in their seashore domiciles. Arriving westerners have welcomed the prevailing cool weather. Throughout the country high temperatures and lack of rain have prevailed which factors have sent up the prices of cereals. Along the North Shore opposite conditions has been the case.

MAGNOLIA BEACH CLUB

The usual Tuesday and Friday Sports events are in full swing at the Magnolia Beach Club, and are being much enjoyed by the North Shore colony.

This week the children had beach sports on Tuesday, the eleventh, and water sports on the following Friday.

A clam bake to be followed by a dance is scheduled for the twenty-second. Ruby Newman's orchestra will play.

Among the guests lunching at the Beach Club were Mrs. F. Wadsworth Busk, with a party of six, and Miss Ernesta Rueter and Miss Olivia Ames, each with three guests.

DEL MONTE'S

There are few sites on the North Shore so utterly charming as the one occupied by Del Monte's, the well known casino, famous for its cuisine and excellent orchestras.

The entrance to Del Monte's is a splendid road which winds through the Magnolia woods and leads to the gardens in front of the Moorish structure. The interior follows out the Spanish idea and is glowingly colorful. A spacious dance floor, bordered by tables, overlooks Norman's Woe and Rafe's Chasm, and a piazza, with the same

view, is provided for those who prefer to dine outdoors.

Gardens have been landscaped which lead down to the sea, and guests who do not care to dance may wander in this romantic setting.

Thé dansant is held every afternoon from 4.30 to 5.30 and dinner or supper dancing from 8 o'clock to 1. Music is furnished by Paul Murphy's orchestra.

Frank Fishburne is as usual a gracious host, and will be glad to arrange for reservations.

Arrivals at the Oceanside: Paula Quinlan, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Laughlin, F. D. and Mrs. Howard, L. R. Balfour, Mrs. George E. Carter, Mrs. Dexter, Miss Farley, Mrs. Fred Hoffman, Mrs. William Ropes Trask, Mrs. L. K. Doyld, Boston; Gene Chandler, Brockton; Mrs. C. I. Hood, Miss Wilder, Lowell; R. W. Whitcomb, Springfield; Mr. and Mrs. V. V. McNitt, Palmer; Mrs. David Loring, Waban; Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Russell, Holyoke; Mrs. L. C. Benoit, Ashmont; Mr. and Mrs. L. Fischer, Providence; Mrs. E. P. Mills, Mrs. M. R. Bashford, William L. Middleton, William A. Duren, Jane McCullagh, Miss Zimmer, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rosenbaum, Mrs. Peter Doelger, Dr. Doelger, Mrs. A. V. Bereus, Miss A. L. Radway, Viscountess J. de Jonghe, Mrs. Pauline Legon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hess, Jane Hess, Miss Lynette Friedlander, Mrs. Wright P. Edgerton, Elsie Schyler Crane, Mr. and Mrs. G. Montcalvo, New York; Julia Leaming Wool, Wayne, Pa.; Mrs. Daniel Harsner, Mrs. S. W. Fountain, Paul Williams, Miss Fountain, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Davidson, Montclair; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Englewood; Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Hunter, Miss J. M. Adsit, Miss L. H. Emsworth, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lewis, Cincinnati; Chief Justice and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, A. Ayres, Washington; Miss A. P. Fisher, Miss E. A. Hughes, Mrs. C. C. Corner, Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Green were hosts to a party of twenty on July 11.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stead of Philadelphia entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Treat Paine of Waltham.

GEORGE GARDNER AMORY

George Gardner Amory of Boston died at his home in Magnolia last Tuesday (July 11th) after a long illness.

Born in Nahant, he was the son of Charles W. and Elizabeth Gardner Amory. He was graduated from Harvard in 1896 and attended Harvard Law School. He was a member of the

Porcellian Club of Harvard, the Somerset Club, the Tennis and Racquet Club of Boston and the Myopia Hunt Club. He was 59 years old.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, and a brother, William Amory.

MANCHESTER

Mrs. J. H. Lancashire has sailed for a visit with her daughter Mme. Coletti-Perucca at their villa in Florence, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Winslow of Marlboro street, Boston, are recent arrivals in Manchester for the summer, having leased the "Foregate" the Frank Wigglesworth estate at West Manchester.

Mrs. Francis M. Whitehouse has returned from a visit with Miss Cash at her home in Nantucket.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon K. Bell have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Russell S. Codman, Mrs. Codman and Mrs. Bell being sisters. Mr. and Mrs. Bell sailed last week for Italy and will spend the summer touring Europe.

Mrs. John N. Stevens has opened the Brick House on Bridge street for the season.

Mrs. Gordon Abbott, Mrs. Gardiner M. Lane and Mrs. J. R. McGinley opened their gardens last week to the members of the North Andover Garden Club who made a pilgrimage of the North Shore Gardens, gathering inspiration for the improvement of their own gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Forbes and family are newcomers to Manchester and are settled at the former Fabyan cottage and will remain until late in the fall. Mr. Forbes is president of the State Street Trust Co., Boston.

Mrs. Leo Doblin returned from New York last week going over to see her daughter, Miss Eva Doblin, off for Europe. Miss Doblin was accompanied by Mlle. Cguard and they will spend the summer in touring abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene G. Foster of New York City are settled at their summer estate "Crowncliff" at the Coolidge Point section.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Milton Lyons (Katherine Phelan), arrived at "Glass Head" Saturday for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Ordway Whiting of Marlboro st., Boston, are at their

attractive cottage, "Boxwood," for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor, son Thomas Taylor, Jr., of Columbia, S. C., have arrived at their summer estate for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Culbertson of Louisville, Ky., have arrived at their cottage "By-the-Way" on Summer st. in the Cove section.

The two summer churches have opened, the Emmanuel Episcopal, with the Rev. Phillips E. Osgood, D.D., officiating for the season, and the Unitarian with the Rev. Leslie T. Pennington of the First Unitarian Society of Ithaca, N. Y., who will officiate until the close of the season, September 6.

LONG BEACH

THOSE WHO HAVE COME to this popular resort are being entertained by Mal McDonald of Medford and his Boys who are doing their best to run a series of bridge parties, dances, movies, and tennis games at the Club.

At Halecrest, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hale are back for their thirty-second season. With them are Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Morss and daughters Marjorie and Virginia of Medford.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Harrison are at the Whip-poor-will cottage as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Martin and daughters Ruth and Marjorie are at Hartsville.

At the Clear View are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Tutton and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hirons and children, Kenneth, Arthur, Frank, and Ruth.

Barr Villa is occupied as usual by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barr of Norwood.

For the month of July Mr. and Mrs. J. Conrad Johnson and daughters Barbara and Shirley are staying at the Surf.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Boyd and children Mary, Gordon, and Philip are at the Mermaid. With them is Mrs. Boyd's mother, Mrs. Dillingham.

Walguyter will be occupied for part of the season by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Laurie and Bessie Laurie of West Somerville. With them are Mr. and Mrs. Ballantine and daughter Dorothy.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Smith and children Elinor and Roland are at the Moorings as usual.

Mrs. Granville Ellis of Norwood has again opened the Chickatawbut Hotel. With Mrs. Ellis is her daughter Rachel.

At the Thistle Mrs. John Stark of Waltham is spending the season. With

Mrs. Stark again this summer are Mrs. Barrett and John, also of Waltham.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Butnam and sons Douglas and Paul of Waltham are at the Flye cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Huckins and son Robert, Dartmouth '32, are again at their cottage. With them is Mr. Huckins' father, Mr. Joseph Huckins. All are from Melrose.

At the Viola cottage Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Cutter and children Howard, Florence and Phyllis are spending their nineteenth season.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Jones of Arlington are at the Bayberry.

Mrs. W. R. Bolton of Cambridge, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Laurie and daughter Barbara of Lawrence are spending their twentieth summer at the Beach.

STAGE COACH INN

Historic Stage Coach Inn has proved very popular so far this season as the scene of dinner and luncheon parties. Many prominent members of the North Shore colony have chosen to entertain their friends in this beautiful old house, which is one of the most interesting places on Cape Ann.

Among those giving parties there during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Breene of Rockport, with a party of four; Miss Ethel Power with a party of two; Mr. and Mrs. James Boland of Lowell, with a party of five; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Denison of Annisquam, with a party of three; Miss A. V. McIntire of Pride's Crossing with a party of two; Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunt of Waban, with a party of two; Miss Louise Nangle with a party of two; Mr. and Mrs.

A. Geary Johnson and A. G. Johnson of Washington, with a party of two; Mrs. William G. Toland of Newark, with a party of three.

Mrs. William V. MacDonald of Boston entertained Mrs. E. P. Murtry of Pasadena.

Mrs. L. W. Rosskopf had as her guest Mrs. Walter P. Upton of Salem.

Miss Clara Holden of Concord, Mass., was hostess to Miss Lena Y. Jones of Atlanta and Miss Florence S. Wieler of Fredonia, N. Y.

Mrs. Bernard Philipp gave a party for Captain J. C. Peterson and Miss Minnie Peterson of Rocky Hill, Ipswich, and New York.

Miss Grace F. Chamberlin, who is noted for her beautiful garden in Rockport, entertained Miss E. M. Moody of Rockport, Miss May F. Harmon of Hampton, Virginia, and Mrs. A. L. Kidd of Rockport.

Others enjoying the hospitality of the Inn were Mr. and Mrs. Bethel, South Essex; Mary B. Loring, Pride's Crossing; Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Schofield, Newark; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Friend, Marblehead Neck; Mr. and Mrs. Francis T. Parker of Salem; Miss Margaret L. Emerson of Marblehead Neck; Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lowrie, Princeton; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Whitehouse of Manchester; Mrs. Arthur J. Smith, Swampscott.

STERLING DRUG STORE

From kites to cameras the Sterling Cut Rate Store stands ready to supply you with whatever merchandise you want at prices you are willing to pay. Their stock includes such useful items as vacuum bottles, electric fans, bath sprays, clocks, watches, tobaccos, electric camp stoves, rubber aprons, brief cases, lunch kits, coffee dripolators, waffle irons, electric toasters, and other articles too numerous to mention, besides a splendid line of drugs at far below the usual prices.



Del Monte's

ON THE NORTH SHORE

Magnolia, Mass.

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

For reservations call Frank — MAGNOLIA 1590

Del Monte's is available for private engagements such as DINNERS, LUNCHEONS, BRIDGE PARTIES, BENEFITS and any other social affair



EASTERN POINT

THE FIFTH annual flower show of the Cape Ann Garden Club was held at the Gallery on the Moors, Ledge road, East Gloucester, Thursday afternoon. The committee was assisted by Mrs. Francis Brewer, Mrs. Fred G. Boyce, Jr., Miss Louise Condit, Mrs. Mary Anderson Case, and Miss Anne Pugh. The classes included arrangements of vines in bottles, silhouettes, and still life.

Mr. and Mrs. John Willard Carrigan (Frances Miller Little), who were married on Saturday at Eastern Point, Gloucester, where the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay Little of Pinckney street have a summer home, are sailing this week for Vigo, Spain, where Mr. Carrigan has been appointed vice-consul. He is the son of Mrs. Clarence Carrigan of San Francisco, Calif., and the late Mr. Carrigan, former consul-general of Uruguay, and was graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1927 and from Harvard in 1931. Mrs. Carrigan was graduated from the Brimmer School, and has spent much time studying art.

Miss Mary Jane Dewey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dewey of Belmont, spent the weekend sailing at the Eastern Point Yacht Club in Gloucester with Vice Commodore and Mrs. William V. Macdonald, who summer at Rockport. Commodore Macdonald sailed his boat, the Lady II, in races both on Saturday and Sunday.

EAST GLOUCESTER

Arrivals at the Delphine: Mrs. George C. Newell, Jean Nutting Oliver, Boston; Miss G. S. Oliver, Somerville; Sarah C. Hill, New York; Mrs. R. W. Dinsmore, Mrs. T. A. Bogert, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. A. A. Hoehling, A. A. Hoehling, Miss T. C. Hoehling, Mrs. Witham, Chevy Chase; Mrs. A. H. Mason, Duluth.

Arrivals at the Fairview: Harriet M. Laughlin, Boston; Bessie Beard, Cambridge; Mr.

and Mrs. Carroll Lewis Maxcy, Williamstown; Caroline Cruser, Margaret Travis, South Orange; Amy L. Comins, Mrs. George C. Hunter, Glen Ridge; Cora M. Garsed, Philadelphia.

Arrivals at Hawthorne Inn: Dr. and Mrs. N. D. Drummey, Boston; Mary M. Coes, Worcester; Mrs. W. S. Whitney, Lawrence; Charlotte Olmsted, Brookline; Mrs. Leonard F. Sherman, Lowell; Prof. and Mrs. Robert M. Werner, Mrs. David Eccles, Margaret Eccles, Cambridge; Natalie H. Shuman, Providence; Mrs. Francis M. Gibson, Irma Kuhne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beardsley Allen, Helen King, Ethel King, New York; Hon. and Mrs. Charles B. Wheeler, Buffalo; Mrs. W. R. Thompson, Brooklyn; Mrs. H. W. Blanc, Louisville; Mabel Vickery, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Dennison, Robert Lee Gill, Jr., Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Flad, St. Louis; Miss N. Meals, Pasadena; Mrs. Emma D. Sunekup, San Bernadino, Calif; Mr. McMullin, U.S.S. Wyoming; Miss McMullin, Philadelphia; Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Frost, U.S.S. Wyoming; Mary M. Wolt, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Treharne, East Orange; Mrs. O. R. Cole, Glenn Cole, Otis R. Cole Jr., New Brunswick, N. J.

Arrivals at the Rockaway: Charlotte Maxwell, S. W. Eager, Boston; Susan Hildreth, Cambridge; Corinne Molina, Margaret Guckenberg, West Roxbury; Mary P. Frye, Serena J. Frye, Ruth Walker, Violet James, Mrs. William Taff, William A. Sargent, Margaret MacIver, John MacIver, Eva P. Thomas, Brookline; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Keyes, Nancy Claflin Keyes, Mrs. A. J. Moir, Mrs. D. MacKay, Lewis K. Russell, Shrewsbury; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Everett, Ida J. Everett, Norwood; Miss C. J. Peck, Wellesley Hills; Mrs. Emma Rayner, Mildred Rayner, Vincent E. Tomlinson, Harry G. Phelps, Worcester; Frederic H. Keyes, Newtonville; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Mooney, Louise Beeckman, Martha Nuttleman, Northampton; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Morris, New York City; Mrs. Arthur Gray, Garrison, N. Y.; G. F. Gilmore, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rosalin C. Quinn, Jersey City; Emily White, Muriel White, Lansdowne, Pa.; Mrs. A. L. Stout, Edward J. Coyle, Germantown; Mrs. F. T. Jones, Wayne, Pa.; Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Mann, Elkins Park, Pa.; Mrs. Arthur H. Wurtele, Los Angeles; W. L. Molina, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Dunn Jr., Ruth Dunn, Edward Dunn 3rd, Richard Dunn, East Orange; Mrs. L. C. Schaefer, Elisabeth Schaefer, Montclair.

A bridge party will be held at the Rockaway on Tuesday evening as usual, and the regular Saturday night dance will begin this week.

BASS ROCKS

WE UNDERSTAND that the Club Neptune, opened several years ago as an exclusive resort for the Bass Rocks and North Shore colony generally, will not be operated this season. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bezner, it is stated, are in Europe.

Henry D. Schmidt and family of Brookline, who have made the Conant cottage, Beach road, their summer home for the past five years, have arrived for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney L. G. Sutherland of Beacon street are again in occupancy of their summer cottage, "Spindrift."

Mrs. Octavius Thorndike Howe with her son, Octavius Thorndike Howe, and family came early in the month to their summer home, "Wildacre," corner Souther and Briar roads.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tilton who have made Bass Rocks their summer home for the past twenty years, are again in the Harding cottage for the season. Mrs. Tilton is also at the Rudder, East Gloucester.

The Laurence A. Browns, among the leaders in social life here, are again occupying their Page street home.

Early comers this season were the Edward C. Wilsons of Springfield whose summer home is "The Fairways" at the intersection of Way road and Page street.

Arthur T. Safford and family of Lowell have returned to their cottage in Beach road for another season.

Volney Heath and family of Worcester have returned for the season to the Farnsworth cottage, purchased two years ago.

Philip A. Duprey and family of Worcester have arrived at their cottage in Atlantic road.

Mrs. Allen B. Farmer has come to "Wyndgale" in Decatur street.

Francis A. Brewer and family of Brookline are established for the summer in their cottage, corner Brier and Souther roads.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Fitch of Newton Centre have opened Chickering cottage, Atlantic road.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Fuller of Worcester have come to "Krossanes," their summer home in Bass Rocks road.

Sears B. Condit and family of Brookline have opened "On-a-ledge," their Page street summer residence.

Mrs. John McGaw Foster of Bay State road, Boston, is at her Bass Rocks cottage for the season.

E. Tucker Sayward and family of Brookline are occupying their cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davenport of Clinton, N. Y., have taken the Arthur M. Parker cottage, "Felsensprung."

Mrs. Williams of the Bronx, N. Y., has the Selden cottage, Briar rd., for the season's stay.

ANNISQUAM



THE SEASON HERE will be an average one from present indications. Two classes have come out for the yacht races thus far, the Bent boat Triangle Blue Bill going over to Eastern Point to take place in that division of boats. Efforts are being made to get enough of the cat boat class out to form a third flotilla. It is apparent that from now on the younger element must assume a larger measure of activity in the yachting fortunes of the club. Harry Worcester Jr. is now in business in Washington, but may come on for a week or more before the season is over. Brad Simmons, who distinguished himself as a member of the Harvard varsity victorious crew this spring, is in Vermont for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. David W. Stevens of Boston have arrived at "Halfway House," their summer residence in Arlington st.

W. R. Dewey and family of Newton came last week to their Arlington street summer home.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Parker are at "Selkirk Ledge" cottage, Adams Hill road.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Raymond of Belmont will remain during the season at their cottage at Diamond Cove which they opened last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Bowlen and family of Holyoke will this season occupy "Juniper Ledges," Rockholm.

R. Russell Smith and family of Gloucester have come to "Sidelights," their summer home, Wigwam point.

Miss Jessie A. Atkinson of Roslindale has one of the Ricker cottages in Leonard street. Her mother and sister will be with her.

Horace D. H. Williams and family of Concord arrived some two weeks ago at their summer home, Adams Hill road.

Prof. Charles L. Norton and family of Beacon street, Boston, have returned to the old Colonial residence in Leonard street, purchased by them several seasons ago.

A. W. Sargent and family of Boston are enjoying cottage life in the Diamond Cove colony. They are here for the summer.

Mrs. J. B. Williams of Cambridge has opened her summer home in the Hermit ledge colony. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Swan, Jr., are with her for the season.

Hollis French and family of Mt. Vernon street, Boston, are at their 'Squam Rock summer place for the season.

Prof. and Mrs. Barry MacNutt are at

643 Washington street in the Sharpers' Hill colony for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Aldrich of Beacon street, Boston, have come to Spruce cottage, River road, for the summer. Mrs. Nathaniel Semple of Philadelphia, their daughter, is with them.

Mrs. Annie R. Smith, who spent the winter in Hollywood, Calif., has opened her cottage on 'Squam Point for the season. With her are Mr. and Mrs. Everett Brown and family.

Mrs. Whitman Ware and sister, Miss Emma Whitman, of Boston make their summer home in a cottage in the Linscott pastures and have arrived for the season.

Mrs. William M. Jelly of Salem is occupying "Rockledge" at Norwood Heights.

Ray Huntsman and family of West Newton, whose summer home is on the crest of Pilgrim Hill, are here for the summer.

GALVIN PLAYERS AT HAWTHORNE INN CASINO

The Galvin Players, New England's representative professional Dramatic Stock Company, so well known to Gloucesterites from their nineteen successful weeks in Gloucester last winter, are located for the summer months at the Hawthorne Casino, next to beautiful Hawthorne Inn at East Gloucester, presenting a new play every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 8.30.

Avery Hopwood's delightful comedy, *The Alarm Clock*, is underlined for production next Monday, featuring Miss Irene Galvin, supported by the following cast of favorites: Johnny Galvin, Ramon Greenleaf, Joseph Thayer, Jess Barker, Milton Savitt, John McPhee, Al. McAdam, Sarah Ellen Glass, Margaret Selkirk, Mayme Galvin and Byrd Bruce.

Some excellent plays have been contracted for production this summer, including *Rain*, *Another Language*, *The Late Christopher Bean*, *Mrs. Moonlight* and *The Party's Over*.

An added innovation is the "After-the Show" dance, which has become very popular and has served to make Hawthorne Casino a rendezvous for both young and old.

AT LOOKOUT HILL

Miss Bernard Gratz Brown of New York is the house guest of Miss Elizabeth Hammond at "Lookout Hill," Freshwater Cove.

Arrivals at the Moorland: Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Cutler, North Wilbraham; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Berry, Northbridge; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McElwain, Edwin McElwain, Springfield; Mr. Evarts L. Prentiss, Anna Prentiss, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Donovan, Toledo; W. A. Coursen, Winter Park, Fla.; Mrs. Charles C. Long, Washington; Isabel H. Neff, Mary S. Neff, Edith Neff, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Semple, Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Fortier, Montreal.



MILADY GOES SHOPPING

"I am dying, Egypt, dying, ebbs the crimson life-tide fa-hast," sang Chubby exuberantly, accompanying himself on the piano, "and the dark Plutonian shadows gather on the evening grass; give the Cæsar crowns 'n' arches, let his brow 'h' laurel twin-hine, I can scorn the——"

"Do you mind stopping the concert for just one moment?" asked Jolyon, who was struggling with a shopping list. "If we're going to send presents home we might as well get them bought now before all the stuff is picked over. What do you suggest I could send my sister?"

"Senate's triumph, triumphing in— What did you say, Jolly? Something about presents? Has somebody sent me one?"

"No, Dodo. Concentrate a moment. Throw that magnificent brain into gear. I want to know what I can send home for presents. As I asked you before, have you any suggestions as to what might be acceptable to my sister?"

"Oh! for your sister? No, I don't know. I haven't the faintest idea. 'I can scorn the Senate's triumph, triumphing in—' I say! I *have* thought of something she'd like."

"What is it?"

"A bag. One of those they have at Blanchard's—white linen they are, and they have slip covers so you can take them off and wash them. Some of them come in a cream colored linen with

your initial pressed into them. The initial is linen, too—awfully spiffy. You get an extra cover with those, in some pastel shade. Then they had some bags there that had an outside of some sort of composition, and you could write on them with ink—it would wipe right off. I should think they'd be awfully handy for summer, because everything gets so dirty on a hot day. Why don't you go in and look at them?"

"All right, I will. Have you any more helpful suggestions? What shall I get for Sylvia?"

"Well, let me see. Girls always like perfume and powders, don't they, Jolly?"

"I suppose so. I haven't gone into the subject so intensively as you have."

"Huh?"

"You're always buying presents for girls. Blonde girls, dark girls, red heads, towheads, débutantes and chorines—you ought to have a pretty good line on the things they like!"

"I suppose I— have known a good many," remarked Chubby, with what he hoped seemed like diffidence, "and I really think you can suit 'em all with cosmetics. Now, take Sylvia for instance. Sylvia is a good looking girl, but with cosmetics she'd look a whole sight better. If you like I can tell you an awfully nice line of things like that you can give for presents—I've bought them myself for girls lots of times."

"What are they?"

"Well, they're the Gemey line—they have them at W. G. Brown's. It's a fifty-five-cent line of cosmetics which are really excellent—not at all cheap or strong scented. In fact, I can't see that they're any different from a lot of the higher priced cosmetics, and they certainly make a hit with the girls!"

"What kind of things do they have? Powders? Perfumes?"

"Yes, indeed," gushed Chubby, who could talk for hours about anything that interested him. "Face powder in all the newer shades—you know how they make face powder now to match the complexion—and toilet water and perfume in the floral odors."

"What did you say they were called?" asked Jolyon, floored by his cousin's knowledge of the subject.

"It's the Gemey line," replied Chubby, and it's made by the Richard Hudnut company. They are the people who put out the Du Barry cosmetics. I'll tell you another gift that is always acceptable, Du Barry manicure preparations. They're reasonably priced, too, so you can get three or four of them to make up a set. Then, of course, there are always the Du Barry creams and lotions, powders, rouges and whatnot."

"I might get some of the whatnot, I suppose."

"Of course. And do buy a few of those Gemey preparations, because you have a frightful amount of female relatives, and you might just as well get on the right side of them."

"Quite. Very well; Gemey, Du Barry, Richard Hudnut in general—all good," said Jolyon, writing down the list on the back of an envelope.

"How about running over to Wetherell's for a soda or something?" suggested Chubby. "I sort of like their strawberry sodas, you know."

"Yes, I thought you seemed to be rather taken with them. All right, let's go over. I'll tell Banner to get the— Look!"

"There is salmon

in the house, of course, Banner?"

"Well, I— er, that is— er— I really couldn't say, Madam," stammered the unhappy Banner, looking at Chubby for aid.

"Chubby, you are doing the marketing for the house, are you not?"

"Yes, Aunt Gussie."

"You have seen to it, of course, that

(Continued on page 18)

THE SHOPS OF GLOUCESTER

The Shops of Gloucester offer the largest and best selected stocks of merchandise in Essex county selected by dealers who have studied the wants of the summer population for years. The prices have always been moderate and fair, a consideration which at the present time especially must appeal to all classes of people. Profits are not predicated on a two or three months business volume. They are here the year round. In Gloucester will be found the largest and best stocked department store in Essex county — the Boston store, the largest provision and grocery store — The First National, its principal establishment being in the center of the Main street shopping district. Its gift shops display is selected by those in touch with the wants of the summer people. Its drug stores are in the hands of men of years of careful training and experience, in fact all the various retailing activities, plumbing, hardware, etc., are specially stocked with goods for the summer trade and staffed by employees familiar with their wants.

In these stores you will be treated with consideration regarding fair prices and courtesy of treatment. Remember also that these men taxpayers have contributed sums aggregating into the millions to provide the facilities of good roads, pure water, fire and police protection which contribute to the general welfare. Cooperate with these people. *Shop in Gloucester.*

LOCAL JOURNALISM IN THE FORTIES

Excerpts from News and Ad Columns, Especially the Latter Reflect the "Atmosphere" of Nearly a Century Ago.

(Note:—Perhaps the advertising columns of the local press present as an accurate a mirror of the manners and customs and the populace of their period as any other medium. Accordingly this review of the advertising columns of the only newspaper of the town in the forties will be of particular interest to students of the life of that period. Gloucester was then a town of about 5000 inhabitants, Rockport, or Sandy Bay as it was originally known on the northeastern seacoast of the Cape having been set off by itself a short time before in 1840. Evidently Gloucester was not strictly a temperance town judged by the advertisements of the leading merchants, several delectable brands of liquid goods being enumerated in stock — and there were food goods brought home from abroad in Gloucester packets. The personal character of some of the ads connotes the "small town" atmosphere and a latitude of expression and "comeback" to a rival was allowed to a degree which would not be permitted nowadays. "The Telegraph" was established in 1827 and during the incumbency of its editor and founder, a Mr. Rogers, was conducted on a high plane, notable especially for the valuable articles on early history, particularly accounts of the stirring episodes of the Revolutionary period many from participants or eye witnesses.)

"Nothing is so dead as yesterday's newspaper." Perhaps not, but a newspaper of 1841 is decidedly interesting.

The Gloucester *Telegraph*, predecessor of the *Daily Times*, is an amusing example of early journalism. Printed in beautiful handset type on a fine quality paper, without screaming headlines or three-column cuts, the *Telegraph* presents a decidedly conservative appearance.

Across the top of the page runs the name of the paper in ornate lettering. To the left is the masthead, which proclaims the modest terms (to be paid in advance) by which one may become a subscriber.

Under this is a heading "Miscellaneous," which includes such items as "Managing a Husband," "A Russian Wedding," "Printing and Stereotyping," "The Soldier's Son-in-Law."

These topics seem to be developed more or less as short stories, and are inclined to be moral or pedantic in tone. "The Soldier's Son-in-Law" is particularly choice. It is claimed to be a "recent fact."

A young rake-hell who has wasted his money in riotous living strives to marry an innocent country maiden in order to obtain her father's fortune. The old soldier (the girl's father) discovers his son-in-law's duplicity through a dramatic incident, and, seizing the scoundrel by the neck, addresses him as follows:

"Ha! villain! so my conjecture was not unfounded, that you cared not for my daughter, but merely for her fortune! Heaven be praised that my child and my money are not irrevocably in your clutches! Know then, knave! the man who married you was no clergyman, he was a brother-soldier in priest's attire; and these gentlemen are friends who have done me the service of proving you. Since, then, you have laid open your whole villainy, we shall have no more connection. I shall return home with my daughter and my money, and you may go to London — or to the devil, if you like."

Advertisements follow the "Miscellaneous" section, and are not arranged for display, but run along helter skelter without any particular order. These are particularly choice.

William P. Dolliver announces that he can supply the public with strong beer and ale, and he warrants every cask to give satisfaction to the purchaser. He also has Sicily Madeira, brown Sherry, Malaga, Lisbon and Muscat wines—all of the best quality—

and a few bottles of superior London Porter. He will take care of you in the matter of teas, too, having in stock Pouchong, Souchong, and Old Hyson.

A tiny cut (less than half an inch square) appears with each real estate ad. Israel Trask advertises a house on the corner of School and High (Prospect) streets to let. Gorham Brown will supply households with ice for \$2.00 the season. Dexter and Tappan "have just received a fine assortment of goods for gentlemen's pantaloons, consisting, in part, of the following, viz:

Prince Albert,
Black Wellington Cords,
Gambroons and Bath,

A few more pieces of Repellant Cloth (water proof).

Dexter & Tappan also offer French shoes, itemized as "Ladies' half-gaiter shoes; buskins, a new and beautiful article; low lace kid; and fur-lined rubbers." Messrs. D. and T. are located at 18 Front (Main) street.

Hosiery, from the shop of J. C. Calef includes 25 dozen pairs "among which may be found Mohair, Worsted, Merino, Lambs' Wool plain and ribbed, black and white, with every variety of light and dark colors to match dresses all of which will be sold very cheap."

T. Herrick & Son "would inform the public that they continue to manufacture mead and lemon syrup, which they flatter themselves they have obtained the art of making equal to any other person (notwithstanding the denunciations of its worthlessness by a certain miserable pedlar that is driving about this town and denouncing our goods to sell his own." The word "miserable" is italicized, that being the *Telegraph's* way of showing emphasis, indignation and sarcasm.

J. Davis & Brother urge you to try Concrete Lemonade. It makes a "very pleasant and Healthful summer beverage."

age." Malmsey, Old Port and good Champagne may also be obtained from these merchants.

The circulating library at No. 47 Front street offers the following choice bits of literature: "The Young Prima Donna," "The History of a Flirt," written by herself, "The Renunciation," Bulwer's "Night and Morning," "The Dowager, or Modern School for Scandal," and the Lady's Book for May, "The Parlor Letter Writer," "Friendship's Offering, 1842," "The Boston Book," "Amenities of Literature," by D'Israeli. Among the juvenile books listed are such gems as "Early Friendships," "Masterman Ready," "Jane Brush and Her Cow," "The Manual of Politeness," "Richard White, or One-Eyed Dick," "The Liberty Tree," "The Value of Time."

There is to be a concert at Stacy's Hall on September 27; "Mrs. Gibbs will (by request) give a soiree musicale (prior to her departure for Boston.)" The tickets are twenty-five cents apiece.

A notice: "On and after September 13, stages will leave Gloucester for Salem and Boston at 6½ and 8 o'clock A. M. Returning, leave Boston in the 12 o'clock A. M. and 2¼ o'clock P. M. trains for Salem and Gloucester.

J. B. Winchester."

Gentlemen can be well taken care of in the matter of undergarments by Samuel A. Story, for Mr. Story has just received and is offering for sale cheap "a good assortment of lambs' wool and Merino under shirts and drawers for gentlemen's wear."

George Saville of 73 Front street, opposite the Post Office, is enthusiastic about his new stove "Whiting's Improved" which, according to the cut, is somewhat like a Franklin stove. Mr. Saville's advertisement is written rather in the manner of a third degree: "How stands the 'Whiting's Improved' in this town? Who ever knew one to be exchanged for any other? Who ever saw a second hand one on the market? Who ever knew a person to find fault with one after having given it a fair trial? Who ever knew one to be returned? Nobody! echo says 'nobody'"—this time in italics. "It does make me laugh," Mr. Saville continues. "I can't help it, when I hear (which I frequently do) of a certain neighbor of mine exerting himself so much to injure the character of this stove." The fable of the fox and grapes, which draws a comparison uncomplimentary to the obnoxious rival, concludes this section of the advertisement.

Cashmere shawls may be purchased at E. F. Newhall's at 141 Washington street, Boston. These shawls; "a mu-

nificent assortment," are priced from 8 to 100 dollars. They also carry a line of Balsora, Queen's Plaids, and other comfortable woolen shawls, and the Mousseline de Laines, Bombazines, Alpines, Cashmaretts, Napoleon Cloths, Cambleteens, and linens.

The medical advertisements are especially amusing. All sorts of pills and compounds are offered to the ailing and testimonials of their efficacy are endorsed by enthusiastic users who have been cured of everything from typhoid fever to asthma and consumption.

Lorraine's pills, a vegetable curative, are bound to help you no matter with what malady you may be afflicted. Three boxes of them entirely cured James Ross of dropsy. They cured Elizabeth Young of a cough, John Waters' child of fits, William Clark of dyspepsia, and the Reverend Thomas's daughter, who had been given up as incurable by two specialists, of scarlet fever. Surely one could ask little more of a pill!

In another column we have an ad in which Waterman Burlingham testifies enthusiastically to miracles wrought by someone else's pills. After taking first 17, then 22, twice a day, he was entirely cured of typhus fever. Under this letter is a message from Elisha Foote, general agent, who states that Mr. Burlingham is a highly respectable farmer, and that "no one in the town in which he resides stands higher for truth and veracity." This communication is followed by one from B. Brandeth, M. D., who vouches for the reliability of Elisha Foote.

Another ad exclaims hysterically, "The Hair! The Hair! The Hair!" and sets forth the benefits to be derived from the use of Genuine Buffalo Oil. This amazing preparation will promote the growth of the hair, its use "gives it a softness that no other article does, and causes it to curl beautifully—it is highly perfumed and gives perfect satisfaction to all who have given it a trial."

But to return to the news. A copy of the December 11 edition relays the fact that Queen Victoria had presented England with an heir on the ninth of November. This item appears to have taken nearly a month to cross the Atlantic, but the *Telegraph* offers a wealth of detail and a surprisingly plain-spoken description of Her Majesty's confinement which quite make up for the delay.

An item taken from the Boston *Transcript* announces a ball to be given in honor of the Prince de Joinville. Evidently the bon tons of Boston felt a trifle jealous of those of New York:

"The ladies, also, are busily engaged in preparing for the occasion, and notwithstanding the boasts of the 'villagers' of New York, that we cannot get up anything in a style to equal them, or show such a display of beauty, we can only say should any of their fair ones happen this way on that evening, we will show them that the 'village' of Boston never succumbs to any place, in the style of her entertainments or the grace and beauty of her fair daughters."

"Air Springs for Rail Road Cars" announces the November tenth issue. "Where will be the end of mechanical inventions and improvements? Who will believe that a railroad car is already constructed and proved, which rests upon air springs?" A Mr. Ellsworth rode in a car so equipped, carrying 80 passengers, and found that it answered fully the expectations and promises of the patentee. "Within a year there will be, between Boston and Buffalo, a railroad six hundred miles in length. It will be possible to go the whole distance by daylight. Had such an event been prophesied, it would have destroyed all belief in revelation."

"The President's message was communicated to the two houses of Congress on Tuesday at 12 noon. It was received in New York by a Government Express at 9½ P. M. and in Boston by the regular mail at about 8 on Thursday morning." The fact that the Message "reached New York in nine hours and three minutes, a distance of 220 miles" is quoted as a special item. Apparently they didn't think it worth while to rush it through to Boston.

"We have reason to believe," the *Telegraph* quotes the *Natchez Free Trader*, "from some advices, that a new proposition relative to the union of Texas with this country, will be brought forward by a distinguished gentleman at the next Congress under favorable auspices."

Politics is prominent in the pages of the *Telegraph*, and political parties are referred to as Whigs and Tories. Evidently the *Telegraph* was pro-Whig: "It is with extreme mortification that we record the Whig vote of this town on Monday. We knew that apathy and discontent here, as everywhere, prevailed—but we never dreamt that one half of the Whigs of Gloucester would be content to stay home and willingly give back to their opponents the power for which they so long and ardently struggled."

War with England is feared: "In these days when there are 'wars and more wars' almost daily falling upon the ear, our people are bestowing every attention upon the movements of their

The start in the light air was listless. On the broad reach to Plum Cove in the Bird Class the Oloof, sailed by Evelyn Woodbury, shot into the lead, with Bryan Rust second in the Plunger, and these positions were maintained on the beam reach to the inner mark, with the Flamingo going into third place. The homing leg was a close reach for two-thirds of the distance, when the wind swung to the southward, heading the boats off, the Oloof maintained her lead to the finish, but Daniel H. Woodbury, father of Evelyn, pulled up into second place.

In the Fish Class Bob Meechem in the Sea Horse, established a good lead on the two reaches, but on the beat home was left badly leeward by the shift in the wind, which set Perch, Goldfish and Flyingfish to the front, Perch getting into the lead in the river, with Goldfish second. The summary:

BIRD CLASS

Oloof, Evelyn Woodbury1:41:31
Flamingo, D. H. Woodbury1:43:08
Avis, W. E. Olsen, Jr.1:44:51
Plunger, Bryan Rust1:46:15

FISHBOATS

Perch, Harry Griffin1:59:55
Goldfish, Jack Cunningham2:01:16
Flyingfish, Albert G. Hale2:02:21
Malolo, Mary Bradley2:02:50
Dab, David Dennison2:03:30
Sea Horse, Robert Meechem2:05:03
Barracuda Jr., John Worcester2:09:40
Pompano, Fred Cobb2:10:21
Wassop, Katherine Taussey2:12:09
Shad, Fred Farnum2:14:01
Pollywog, John Meechem2:19:34
Navarra, Lyndon CrawfordT N T
Starfish, Virginia FarnumT N T
Sailfish, Paul LittlefieldT N T
Cavaire, John CornwellT N T

**SHIRLIDEE CLOSE WINNER
IN SANDY BAY YACHTING**

ROCKPORT, July 8 — A light Southeast wind prevailed in the Sandy Bay races this afternoon, six classes coming to the line. The course was a windward leg to Straitsmouth, a broad reach to Andrews Point and a close reach home and repeat.

In every class except that of the Pilot the winners established their win on the windward leg. Pilot, Shirlidee and Greenhorn, contested all the way, Shirlidee nosing in by eight seconds. The summary:

INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS

Sans Souci, Homer Clarke2:12:34
Eclipse, Guy Hale2:17:28
Star of India, Wendell and Hale2:20:37
Ibex, Max Keuhne2:20:51
Comet, R. Wheeler2:23:29

SANDY BAY 15-FOOTERS

Bobeno, Benton C. Story2:30:43
Myrtice A, Lindley Dean2:33:44
Jolo, Joe Lockett2:46:09

BIRD CLASS

Oriole, Stephen Johnson2:25:02
Pewee, Charles Pierce2:33:42
Ibis, Donald Frost2:30:03
Bobolink, Wm. DoelgerDisqualified

CLASS O

Big Dipper, W. J. Carter2:24:28
Sandboy, Reynolds Beal2:42:00
Touchdown, C. ManleyWithdraw

PILOT CLASS

Shirlidee, Johnson Brothers1:55:20
Greenhorn, H. C. Tufts1:55:28
Flash, Jerry Bruno1:56:04

FISH CLASS

Judy, Lane and Grace2:06:40
Skipjack, Tewksbury Brothers2:15:25
Flounder2:30:50



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SHAMROCK BEATS WHOOPEE

MANCHESTER, July 8—Eleven of the Manchester 15s sailed in the weekly race of the Manchester Yacht Club this afternoon over a four-mile outside course, starting off House Island, with a reach out to mark D, a beat to mark B off Bakers, and a run home. A light southeasterly breeze marked the race, which was won by the Shamrock, beating the Whoopee by 6 seconds. The summary:

Shamrock, William Esson1:20:48
Whoopee, Roger Hooper1:20:54
Skippy, Caleb Loring, Jr.1:25:01
Hunter, Alexander Wheeler, Jr.1:25:23
Dunt Esk, Ruth Ellen Patton1:25:52
Hot Foot, Molly Brown1:25:54
Oh Yeah, Marion McKean1:28:24
Piglet, Hallet Whitman1:29:42
Dark Horse, Molly Bowditch1:29:43
Nize Bebe, Edward Hall1:30:06
Bubble, Virginia WardWithdraw

**OLOOF AND FLYING FISH
LEAD GLOUCESTER RIVALS**

GLOUCESTER, July 9 — The outlook for a race at 'Squam this afternoon was nil at the starting time at 3. A postponement of a half-hour brought a breeze under five knots and a curtailed course to Plum Cove and back was given. This called for a beat out and a run back.

In the Bird class Oloof, sailed by Evelyn Woodbury, had obtained a lead in the first 15 minutes which was never in danger. Her father, Daniel H. Woodbury, was in hard luck in getting down the river. With no headway on, he got caught by the tide and was piled up on the rocks and accordingly withdrew.

In the Fish class Albert Hale, in the Flying Fish, also obtained the best of the sendoff and a lead which was gradually stretched out to the finish. The Perch, Dab and Starfish made a fight for second place, the Starfish sailed by Francis Hartley, finally coming up from fourth position to second across the line. The summary:

BIRD CLASS

Oloof, Evelyn Woodbury1:32:09
Avis, Norman Olson1:34:44
Flamingo, D. H. WoodburyWithdraw

FISH CLASS

Flying Fish, Albert G. Hale1:34:45
Starfish, Huntington Faxon1:37:54
Perch, Harry Griffin1:38:11
Dab, David Dennison1:38:17
Shad, Bronson Farnum1:39:59
Wassop, Katherine Taussey1:40:11
Sea Horse, Bob Meechem1:41:25
Malolo, Mary Bradley1:42:45
Goldfish, Jack Cunningham1:42:48
Barracuda Jr., H. Worcester1:43:00
Pollywog II, J. Meechem1:46:58
Navarra, Lyndon Crawford1:48:28

**CLOSE FINISHES FEATURE
EASTERN POINT SAILING**

GLOUCESTER, July 9 — Two classes started in a light north-east wind at Eastern Point this afternoon, Sonders and Triangles. A leeward windward course to

(Continued on page 20)

The White-Bag "Bugaboo" Is Dead!

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MILDAY GOES SHOPPING

(Continued from page 12)

there should be salmon on hand for Annie Laurie?"

"Oh, of course I *would* have gotten some," replied Chubby, swallowing hard, "but you see, where I didn't know you were coming—well, of course we don't keep salmon on hand—I mean neither Jolyon nor I care much for it—that is, we don't—"

"What do you mean you didn't know I was coming?" demanded his aunt in the tone which had once made a traffic policeman ask her pardon for refusing to let her park near a hydrant. "I sent you a telegram this morning."

"You *did*! We didn't get it!" cried Jolyon.

"Minnie!" roared the virago, "Minnie, did you or did you not send that telegram?"

"Oh, Mrs. Henshaw," gasped poor Minnie, in terror, "I *meant* to send the telegram, *truly* I did, but what with the packing, and running down to the library with those books, and doing Mervyn's shopping, and getting your prescription filled, well I guess I must have sort of forgotten to—"

"*Forgotten!*" screeched her employer. "So that is how I am served! So it is for that I pay you thirteen dollars a week! Minnie, every day since you came to work for me you have had three good meals a day; every night you have had a comfortable bed. Your work has been pleasant and easy. Yet when I ask you to do a simple, small favor for me—and I should think you would be *glad* to do it for me—you *forget*! That's gratitude! That's the thanks I get for—"

"Wouldn't you like a cup of tea, Aunt Gussie?" ventured Chubby, with a tactlessness for which he was renowned.

Mrs. Henshaw swung on him. "Do you think I have need of your invita-

tion to have a cup of tea in my own house?" she screamed.

"No-no-no-no, of course not," he stammered, "but I just thought perhaps you might think it a good idea."

"When I come to the state that I think *your* ideas good," shrieked his aunt, "I shall be confined in Mattawan, and that reminds me," she continued, "that I intend to go over every item you have bought since you took over the house. I'll begin with the kitchen. Come, everybody, there is no time like the present. We'll go into the kitchen immediately and see what conditions are under the new *management*!"

Jolyon, wiping his brow, and Chubby, looking for all the world like a deflated balloon, marched silently into the kitchen, followed by everyone except Annie Laurie, whose trained ears had long ago picked up the sound of a bowl being scraped, and was now crouching behind the door waiting to spring on Minnie who hated her.

"So this is the ice chest I had sent up from the Cape Pond Ice company, is it?" asked Mrs. Henshaw. "Do you find it economical, Mrs. Banner?"

"Oh yes'm, it be wery excomical," replied the cook. "We gets ice once every five days now, and it keeps our wituals somethin' lovely."

"I'm very glad to hear that, Mrs. Banner. We don't want any extravagance in *this* house. Let's see what is in the ice chest. Four heads of lettuce. *Four* heads of lettuce. I can't say that I see the necessity of that. I should think that two heads would have done you very nicely. Chubby, why did you buy *four* heads of lettuce—Mervyn, darling, head up, chin in, feet turned out—Chubby, will you please explain to me why you bought *four* heads of lettuce?"

"Well, you see," began her nephew, "we all like lettuce, and we have a lot of salads, and so—"

"You know my feelings about wanton extravagance; don't you? 'Reckless

youth makes rueful age.' There never was a truer saying. Why is this radish in the garbage container?"

"Oh, that's just one we had left," said Chubby hurriedly. "Radishes are quite inexpensive, you know, and we couldn't do much of anything with just one, so it sort of got in with the waste."

"What do you mean it 'sort of got in with the waste'? I don't like the shift way you have of speaking. You never *could* tell a straight truth, and 'equivocation is first cousin to a lie,' you know. Is there anything wrong with this radish?"

"I-I really don't know," gulped poor Chubby, feeling of the vegetable in question, "but I think it seems a little soft on one side."

"The rest of it is good, isn't it? What is the matter with those peas?"

"Nothing is the matter with them; we're going to have them for dinner."

"Where did you get them?"

"At the First National stores where I get all our vegetables."

"How much did you pay for them?"

"Well, I can't remember exactly," said the unhappy Chubby, "but I know they weren't terribly expensive—in fact, they weren't expensive at all. None of the things at the First National are expensive. I buy lots of things there."

"What are those aluminum utensils over there? I don't recall seeing those before. Here's a stewpan, a double boiler, a coffee percolator, jelly molds—and this looks like a cocktail shaker; in fact it *is* a cocktail shaker. Perhaps *you*," cried Mrs. Henshaw, wheeling on Jolyon, "could explain why I find a cocktail shaker in my kitchen."

"Certainly," replied Jolyon easily. "Chubby and I often shake up a malted milk before we go to bed."

"I hope you are telling the truth. What are these other obviously new aluminum utensils doing here?"

"Oh those? Those are some we got

to replace the old tin ones which were burnt through, mostly. You see, they carry such splendid aluminum ware at L. E. Andrews that Chubby and I, having looked around to see where we could get the best value for our money, decided to buy these."

"Very well, only I wish to be consulted from now on about all purchases for the house."

"Mamma! Look here," called Mervyn from the dining-room. "Look at the fancy plates in the china closet. All different, no two alike. We didn't buy them, did we? They're awfully good looking, and I bet they cost a mint. Come here and see them, Mamma."

Chubby muttered something unprintable, and the cortege moved to the dining-room.

"See, mamma," said Mervyn, holding up a particularly lovely dish. "We didn't have that last year, did we?"

"Let me see it, darling. No, no, I don't believe we did. Chubby, is this one of your extravagances?"

"Well, I-I guess perhaps—that is, I *did* get some plates—you see, when I went in L. E. Andrews' after the cooking utensils I sort of wandered into the glassware department, and so I thought since those dishes weren't really expensive, and would look so nice in the china closet, that you wouldn't mind my getting a few of them," replied her nephew, who was beginning to lose his nerve under the grilling."

"A few of them!" cried his aunt. "There are at least ten here. There are probably a dozen. I am going to have a long talk with you on the subject of wastefulness, but that will come later. The subject at present is about dinner tonight. I am expecting five ladies down from Pride's Crossing. They are all members of my Women's League of Helpful Workers, and of course I want to entertain them as well as possible. What have you planned for dinner?"

"There's four heads of lettuce and a radish," muttered Chubby in an aside to Jolyon.

"What's that you said, Chubby?"

"Chubby said that we were going to have a roast of lamb," replied Jolyon quickly. "But we'll have to go over town and get it. Then there are peas, carrots, and we have some cans of Gorton's flaked fish on hand—Mrs. Banner knows how to make a good fish course out of that. Then I thought we might get some ice cream from Wetherell's fountain for dessert. Would that be all right, Aunt Gussie?"

"That would be splendid," replied Mrs. Henshaw, unexpectedly. "You like roast lamb, don't you, Mervyn?"

"Naow, I don't," said her darling.

"Would you like Chubby to run over to Rockport and get you a nice lobster?"

"I can get him a lobster at Shepherd's," said Chubby, not over graciously.

"I don't want a lobster," whined Mervyn. "I want a roasted chicken, and I don't like peas and carrots, and I hate fish."

"All right, darling," said his mother, "Chubby will run over town and get you what you want. Jolyon, you are to go over, too, and take Minnie. I want Minnie to stop in at the Gloucester National Bank and cash a check for me—if she can *remember* to. I also want her to go to the Cape Ann National and pay up four months on my Christmas Club dues. Then I want her to go to the postoffice and arrange for me to have a box there. I am expecting some mail from Hornblower & Weeks, and I don't care to have it come to the house where *anybody* might open it. Also, you must go into the Hersey Travel Agency—I am quite sure that it is in W. G. Brown's—and get me a pamphlet about that trip around the world the Cunard line is offering. I am not planning to go abroad myself," she added, as her nephews brightened perceptibly, "I am simply getting information for a friend. Chubby, run out and tell Mrs. Banner that I want her to be prepared to serve a roast lamb dinner to eight, and to get up a chicken dinner for Mervyn. Jolyon, after you get the errands done over town, you might run up to Pride's Crossing and get the ladies. I'll tell you where to call for Mrs. Dinswoth, and she can direct you to the houses of the other four. Well, Chubby, what is it?"

"It's Mrs. Banner," said Chubby, looking nervously over his shoulder, "and she says she's leaving!"

—C. ANN SHORE

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LOCAL JOURNALISM IN THE FORTIES

(Continued from page 14)

lowing appear in the *Telegraph*: "A very interesting temperance meeting was held at Stacy's hall on Monday evening, with a view to forming a new Society in this town. The meeting was composed in part of persons who have 'put away the bowl' and are now determined to lead sober and upright lives. Such is said to be the progress of temperance in the town hall of Hull, that one of the inhabitants having seen an empty brandy bottle, he set out and ran for his life, screaming murder, and never stopped until he had run into the Atlantic ocean, where he found the pure element."

No one, however much he might admire the high-minded editorials of the *Telegraph*, could possibly laugh at its humor. The following collection of inexcusable puns is a sample of its wit:

"The editor of the St. Louis *Native American* made himself sick the other day by eating a whole water melon as long as a flour barrel! That was a *melon choly* affair—very!"

"It is now considered vulgar to say 'kicked the bucket' when speaking of a man who has been hanged. The approved expression is 'The criminal turned *pail* and expired!'"

"In a recent familiar chat between Madame Aimz and the celebrated Doctor Humm, the lady took occasion to remark, 'The men of the present age, if for any one thing above another, are celebrated for wearing false hearts!' 'Yes, my dear,' pithily rejoined the doctor, 'and the ladies for false bosoms!' Madame Aimz screeched."

Such was the *Telegraph*, which long ago passed into the limbo of early journals.

MILDRED SHUTE.

CHARACTER AND CONFIDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

how they will work out. However, something must be done and these expedients, empirical as they may seem to many, may have some germ of good.

But as we said at the beginning, complete financial confidence must go hand in hand with respect for law and order.

We would be remiss were not credit for this legislation accorded to the Hon. Carter Glass of Virginia, who has worked arduously through two administrations for its consummation. As time goes on the results of this labor will be apparent and the keystone is guaranteed safety for deposits.

YACHTING

(Continued from page 17)

the westward and return was indicated. The contest in the Sonders resolved itself into a duel between Skeezix and Lady. With spin-nakers to port, they headed for the mark, Skeezix negotiating the distance 45 seconds ahead of Lady.

On the dead ahead work both boats sailed tack and tack, without gaining an inch, Skeezix finishing 45 seconds in the van.

In the Triangles the Flirt and Athlon, the latter sailed by Jock Raymond, came to grips early. Flirt completed the westward leg one and one-half minutes to the good, but on the wind young Raymond won by 10 seconds. The summary:

SONDER CLASS

Skeezix, Harry Wheeler1:53:04
Lady II, Isaac Patch, Jr.1:53:50
Tid IV, Mrs. Groverman Ellis...1:55:10

TRIANGLE CLASS

Athlon, Jonathan S. Raymond, Jr..2:05:00
Flirt, Reginald Elwell2:06:10
Tantala, Hyde Cox2:06:45
Cursor, Robert F. Brown2:08:10
Injun, Hastings Gamage2:08:10
Kitmer II, Stewart and Meade...2:08:15
Bluebill, Horace Bent2:08:58
Mavourneen, Gerald O'Brien...2:11:50

BOBBY ELWELL'S FLIRT
WINS OPENER

GLOUCESTER, July 11—Bobby Elwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Elwell of Arlington, today led the Eastern Point triangle class in the first Junior elimination race to select a crew to represent the club at the North Shore trials, starting July 17 at Marblehead. Skipper Elwell brought his Flirt over four minutes ahead of Jock Raymond in the Athlone.

Athlone was first at the turn, with Cursor second. On the windward leg, however, Elwell stood

off shore and coming in passed the other two. The summary:

TRIANGLE CLASS

Junior Elimination

Flirt, Bobby Elwell2:02:16
Athlone, Jock Raymond2:06:17
Cursor, Bobby Brown2:01:46

ELWELL EARNS PLACE
IN NORTH SHORE SERIES

GLOUCESTER, July 11 — Second and third races were sailed today by the trio of junior crews seeking to represent the Eastern Point Yacht Club at the North Shore elimination in the Sears Bowl series starting at Marblehead Monday.

After trailing to Bobby Brown this morning, Bobby Elwell, yesterday's winner, brought Cursor home in the matinee engagement to make it two out of three victories to win the selection. The summary:

TRIANGLE CLASS

Junior Eliminations, Second Race

Flirt, Robert F. Brown1:48:54
Athlone, Robert Elwell1:49:43
Cursor, Jonathan S. Raymond, Jr..1:57:15

Third Race

Cursor, Robert Elwell2:03:50
Flirt, Jonathan S. Raymond Jr..2:04:07
Athlone, Robert Brown2:04:42

HATCHET GANG'S FEATS
RECALLED IN ROCKPORT

Story of Famous Group of Women
Who Raided Old Rum Shops
Told in Detail at Meeting

The story of the famous "hatchet gang" was retold last Friday night to a large audience of members of the Sandy Bay Historical Society and their friends in the lecture hall of the High School.

The speakers were Miss Helen

W. Mackay, Prof. Marshall Saville, Mrs. Helen Rogers, Charles Cleaves and Edward Knowlton.

The lectures covered the history of the temperance movement in Rockport from 1814 through the "hatchet gang" raid of 1856, made by the women of the town on those selling liquor illegally.

A society for the suppression of intemperance and vice was organized as early as 1815, the speakers said, but it died out gradually, due to failing interest, and little was done to prosecute the offenders until the women, despairing of the town ever remedying conditions, took the law into their own hands.

A drunken brawl, after which nothing was done to punish the offenders, seems to have been the spark that inflamed the townswomen into plotting what turned out to be a small social revolution.

Plans Carefully Laid

No one knows just which one of several members of the gang started the movement, but five or six intelligent women were at the head of it. The plans were laid so carefully and so secretly that when the raid actually took place several persons found themselves smashing up the liquor barrels of their friends and relatives.

Little groups of women, thoroughly incensed at the way their menfolk were squandering hard-

earned and very - much - needed money on drink, called on other women and persuaded them to join in the battle to be fought against John Barleycorn and his henchmen, the bootleggers.

A few men also were drawn into it. John Stimson is reputed to have given the women their hatchets from the company store, and Capt. Griffin carried the flag, wrapped around a pole, on his shoulders, setting it up before each place that was to be ransacked.

At 9 o'clock on a hot July morning in the year 1856 about 75 women, in several groups, all carrying hatchets, clubs or hammers, descended on Dock square. They were wearing calico dresses, gingham aprons securely fastened on, shawls and straw bonnets, which they shed in the heat of battle. One woman, who predicted that women would not always sweep the filth of the streets with their skirts, appeared with hers just below the knee, over bloomers that reached to her ankles.

From Dock square the hatchet gang, as they came to be known, raided one house after another, leaving no keg unsmashed. One after another the stores of rum, cherry, New England and plain, were destroyed, and the gutters flowed with distilled spirits. One old man is said to have become intoxicated from the liquor which



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he managed to salvage from the street. Several boys grabbed the cherries that popped out of the cherry rum barrels and were very sick afterwards.

Schools Dismissed

Such was the commotion made by these attacking women that schools had to be dismissed to prevent the entire student body from playing hookey, and practically all the able-bodied residents were in the battle or at least on the scene of action.

Opposition meant nothing to the hatchet gang. At one house the owner blocked the doorway, but a woman slipped between his legs, searched his property and finally found several barrels of liquor in an adjoining building. These were promptly rolled out and smashed.

On their first visit to the Mt. Pleasant House they found no contraband, but on their second visit a woman rocking a baby in a cradle aroused their suspicions. The baby had a contagious disease, the woman claimed, but one of the gang, saying she had had the same thing herself and was therefore immune, picked up the child and found several bottles of spirits in the bottom of the cradle.

The raid lasted until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the gang had ransacked 13 buildings. They returned home with rum-soaked skirts rolled up to their knees.

The Gloucester Telegraph, which has now gone out of existence, gave a flowery account of the affair under the heading: "Practical Illustration of Women's Rights in Rockport," in which such phrases as "rum shops festering brewing" and "brutal husband reeking from his midnight debauch" vied with "wretched dealer in liquid fire" and "more than victims of a more than hellish cause."

Relics on Display

Several relics have been preserved by the Sandy Bay Historical Society, and some of them were on display at the lecture hall. Three life-size figures of women, dressed in clothes of the period, their wooden faces carved and painted into an expression of righteousness, dignity and determination, were the work of Daniel Brewster, an artist. Two hatchets, responsible for some of the keg-tapping, and a temperance banner, made by one of the gang, and decorated with two large red tassels were especially notable.

The committees in charge of the program were as follows:

Special subcommittee in charge of the research for the Sandy Bay Historical Society, Dr. Marshall H. Saville, ex-officio; Mrs. Helen W. Rogers, chairman; Miss Helen W. Mackay, Charles H. Cleaves and Edward Knowlton.

Committee on invitations, Frank W. Tarr and George W. Solley.

Committee in charge of exhibition of relics, Foster Saville, curator, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. George Mills and Mrs. Leighton York.

Committee on decorations, D. O. Brewster and Arthur Hammond.

Committee in charge of collection, William T. Eldredge and the ushers.

Committee on membership: Mrs. Wallace Bryant, Mrs. H. Boylston Dummer, Mrs. Francis Peck and Miss Alice F. York.

Committee in charge of the lantern, Rev. J. J. G. Tarr.

THE LITTLE THEATRE

(Continued from page 5)

a divinity, the greater because they are unable to get a perspective on her.

David finally breaks away from her, and marries Christina, a biologist; Robert becomes engaged to Hester. Both girls are brought home to meet Mrs. Phelps, in whom they find a charming, friendly, but insidious enemy.

No mistress could be more jealous when her supremacy was threatened than is Mrs. Phelps when she learns her sons have found women they preferred to her, and no mistress could be more skillfully venomous than she in her attempt to hold her own.

Hester doesn't seem particularly interested in the itinerary of her honeymoon. She hasn't made any plans as to where she and Robert are to live. Does she really love Robert? As much as his mother does? Robert thinks so, but isn't sure. A few more suggestions

from his mother, and he is really doubtful. At the end of the interview he has decided that he and Hester don't care enough for each other to marry, and has promised to break with her.

Christina and David are going to New York, where David is to work in an architect's office and Christina to fulfill her appointment at a biological laboratory. Mrs. Phelps has planned that David shall stay in his home town and lay out Phelps Manor on a tract of land which she owns. Christina can potter about the local hospital when the real doctors aren't using it.

The result of all this is that Hester tries to commit suicide, and Christina refuses to remain under her mother-in-law's roof another day. Robert and David must choose between their mother and their sweethearts.

Mrs. Phelps declares herself definitely on Christina's side. Of course Christina doesn't understand David as his mother does, and it isn't surprising that she is rather irritable and unreasonable when she has to accommodate herself to new surroundings. Then, too, Christina is a scientific woman, not a domestic one. But as a mother, Mrs. Phelps is interested above all in her sons' good, and David, she has always felt, is more HER son than Robert. David, who has been brought up to be intensely jealous of his brother, begins to think that "mother knows best."

The car is at the door, ready to take Christina and Hester away from the Phelps' household forever. Mrs. Phelps has pled desperately with her sons to remain with her. She has flattered, cajoled, wept, played one against the other, and threatened to die.

Christina comes in to give David his last chance to go away with her, which he may do on condition that he refuse to see his mother for a stated length of time. He must choose definitely; either her and the child she is going to have, or his mother. He chooses to stay with his mother, but as the door closes after Christina, he rushes out, unable to give her up, even at that price.

Robert, as he watches Hester depart, calls out to her, but he is too weak to take the course David has taken. He remains with his mother, and when the curtain descends he is kneeling beside her, his head in her lap.

To portray such a part as that of Mrs. Phelps is a difficult task for a mature actress, but here it is done with understanding and entire plausibility by a girl of twenty one, a fact which is almost unbelievable. Emma Kidder,

Gloucester School of the Little Theatre

ROCKY NECK • GLOUCESTER

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“HAY FEVER”

by NOEL COWARD



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who took this part was skillfully made up to appear older, yet on a stage so near the audience she could hardly have given the illusion of middle age had she not altered her voice, expression, and mental outlook. In Miss Kidder the Little Theatre has a character woman of exceptional skill. It is to be hoped they will keep her supplied with interesting roles.

Jane Bancroft gave us a charming and sympathetic Christina, a portrayal which required intelligence and poise. Miss Bancroft's acting has a smoothness and finish truly professional.

Hester was made a likeable and very human person by Catharine Blake, whose ability to put over a difficult emotional scene proved her to be an actress of talent. Hers was by no means an easy role, but she was thoroughly capable of presenting it.

Both the men were excellent. Anthony Alving grasped the bewildered David, torn between his love for his mother and for his wife, and presented it admirably. He put across David's utter inability to understand the two women with definite skill, and was at all times absolutely natural and at home on the stage.

Robert, called "Robin" by his mother, was convincingly portrayed by John Mann. Mr. Mann caught perfectly the timid mother-ridden boy who knew himself to be a rotten cad, but was afraid to face life without his mother's protection.

Hope Hubbard was competent and decorative as the maid.

The actors should have especial praise for the thoroughness with which they learned their lines. All the principals, and particularly Miss Kidder had a tremendous amount to commit to memory, and so far as the audience could tell, they were letter perfect.

To direct such a production is a feat in itself, and Mrs. Evans must have worked hard with the cast to bring them to such a state of perfection. Mrs. Evans' touches were apparent throughout the play, and her dynamic directing was evidenced in the climaxes upon which each curtain descended.

The production was well mounted and the waits between acts short. Lester Lang was in charge of the scenery, and was assisted by Martin Fallon, Theodore Packard, and a large stage crew. Paintings on the first set were by Emile Gruppe.

Before the curtain went up Miss Florence Cunningham announced that the Little Theatre will soon be able to send out groups of advanced amateurs to

give programs where ever desired, and that they are planning to start a children's class.

The play scheduled for next week is Noel Coward's "Hay Fever."

—MILDRED SHUTE.

RESTORATION EXHIBIT

(Continued from page 5)

Cove, between Straightsmouth and Thatcher Lights. Mrs. Gruening served coffee.

Visitors were shown the restored houses of Miss Elizabeth Withington, Main street; Mr. Kendall and Mr. Young on Union Lane; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Atherton Frost and Judge and Mrs. McAnarney on South street, and the stone house above Whale Cove of Galen J. Perrett and Miss Elsa Rehmann. Mrs. Henry Atherton Frost served punch in her garden during the tour.

MISS BROWNE'S EXHIBIT

Margaret Fitzhugh Browne's "at home" Saturday afternoon at Cove house studio, River road, Annisquam, was largely attended by North Shore summer residents. Among her work shown included portraits of the late Dr. John R. Freeman, Dr. B. Lord Buckley of New York, Mrs. John Cyrus Distler of Baltimore, Miss Katharine Cunningham Gray and others.

ROCKPORT'S ART EXHIBIT

The 13th annual exhibit of oil paintings, water colors, sculpture, pastels, etchings, drawings, designs and architectural drawings of the Rockport Art Association opened on Sunday.

The exhibition is the third to be held at the association's new galleries at the Tavern and is in two parts, the first from July 9 to August 6, inclusive, and the second half from August 9 to September 9.

The jury include, Aldro T. Hibbard, N. A., chairman; Charles R. Knapp, William C. McNulty, Galen J. Perrett, Hal Ross Perrigard,

Marian P. Sloane and W. Lester Stevens for paintings and drawings with Richard H. Recchia and Clyde C. Bathurst and Lelia Usher for sculpture.



CITY OF GLOUCESTER

In the year nineteen hundred and thirty-two,

AN ORDINANCE

providing for certain ISOLATED "STOP" signs.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

SECTION 1—Every driver of a vehicle, bus or other conveyance, approaching an intersecting way at which there exists facing him, an official sign, authorized by this Municipal Council, said sign having apart from this regulation, the written approval of the Department of Public Works of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and bearing the word "STOP" shall before entering and proceeding through the intersection, bring such vehicle, bus or other conveyance to a complete STOP at such line as may be clearly marked, or, if there is no line so marked, at a place between the said sign and the line of the street intersection.

In the case of a line of two or more vehicles approaching such "STOP" sign, the drivers of the second and third vehicles in any group shall not be required to stop more than once at said designated line or place or in the immediate vicinity.

This ordinance shall not apply when the traffic is otherwise directed by a police officer or by any other lawful traffic regulating sign, signal or device.

SECTION 2—In accordance with the foregoing, the Municipal Council hereby authorize the erection and maintenance of an official "STOP" sign or "stop" signs so as to face:

1—North and southbound drivers

on Magnolia avenue at Western avenue.

2—Northbound drivers on Centennial avenue at Washington st.

3—Southbound drivers on Centennial avenue at Western avenue.

4—Southbound drivers on Prospect street at Main street.

SECTION 3—Any persons found guilty of violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be guilty of misdemeanor and may be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty dollars (\$20.00) for each offence.

SECTION 4—All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 5 — This ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after the expiration of ten (10) days from the date of its final passage.

In Municipal Council, April 13, 1932.

Passed first and second readings and to be enrolled.

ALLEN F. GRANT, City Clerk
In Municipal Council, April 13, 1932, Passed to be ordained.

ALLEN F. GRANT, City Clerk

CITY OF GLOUCESTER

NOTICE

No person shall set, maintain or increase a fire in the open air between March 1st and December 1st except by written permission of the Chief of the Fire Department or the Fire Warden.

Persons wishing to burn rubbish, grass, etc., in the business or residential sections of the city, i. e. within the limits established by the Eastern avenue School on Eastern avenue and the cut bridge on Western avenue and the Green on Washington street, should apply to the Chief of the Fire Department. Those wishing to burn rubbish, brush, grass, etc., in the outlying portions of the city, that is outside of the limits as here set forth, whose fire would be on or near any wood, brush or grasslands, should apply to the Fire Warden.

Readers of this notice are cautioned to be extremely careful of matches, cigars and cigarettes while in or near any wood or brushland to prevent forest fires.

HOMER R. MARCHANT,
Chief of the Fire Department.
ALBERT C. LA BELLE,
Fire Warden.

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CHOWDER
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